will make thee dumbe, yet are they much too light for the bord of the matter, theſe good fellowes will bring thee where I am, *Roſencraus* and *Guilderſterne* hold their courſe for *England*, of them I haue much to tell thee, farwell.

So that thou knoweſt thine Hamlet.

Hora. Come I wil make you way for theſe your Letters.
And doo't the ſpeedier that you may direct me
To him from whom you brought them. *Exeunt.*

Enter King and Laertes.

King. Now muſt your conſcience my acquittance ſeale,
And you muſt put me in your heart for friend,
Sith you haue heard and with a knowing eare,
That he which hath your noble father ſlaine.
Purſued my life.

Laer. It well appeares: but tell me
Why you proceed not againſt theſe feates
So criminall and ſo capitall in nature,
As by your ſafetie, greatneſſe, wiſdome, all things elſe,
You mainly were ſtirr'd vp.

King. O for two ſpeciall reaſons
Which may to you perhaps ſeeme much vnſinnow'd,
But yet to me tha'r ſtrong, the Queene his mother
Liues almoſt by his lookes, and for my ſelfe,
My vertue or my plague, be it either which,
She is ſo concliue to my life and ſoule,
That as the ſtarre mooues not but in his Sphere
I could not but by her: the other motiue,
Why to a publike count I might not goe,
Is the great loue the generall gender beare him,
Who dipping all his faults in their affection,
Worke like the Spring that turneth wood to ſtone,
Conuert his Giues to graces, ſo that my arrowes
Too ſlightly timbered for ſo loued armes,
VVould haue reuerted to my bow againe,
But not where I haue aim'd them.

Laer. And ſo I haue a noble father loſt,
A ſiſter driuen into deſperate termes,
VVhoſe worth, if praiſes may goe backe againe

Stood

Stood challenger on mou
For her perfections, but m
King. Breake not your
That we are made of ſtuffe
That we can let our beard
And thinke it paſtime, you
I lou'd your father, and we
And that I hope will teach

Enter a

Meſſen. Theſe to your M
King. From *Hamlet*, wh
Meſſen. Sailers my Lord
They were giuen me by *Cla*
Of him that brought them.
King. Laertes you ſhall h
High and mighty, you ſhal
dome, to morrow ſhall I be
I ſhall, firſt asking you pard
my ſudden returne.
King. What ſhould this
Or is it ſome abuſe, and no ſ
Laer. Know you the hand
King. Tis *Hamlets* chara
And in a poſtſcript here he ſa
Can you deuiſe me?
Laer. I am loſt in it my L
It warmes the very ſickneſſe
That I liue and tell him to his
Thus didſt thou.
King. If it be ſo *Laertes*,
As how ſhould it be ſo, how
Will you be rul'd by me?
Laer. I my Lord, ſo you w
King. To thine owne peac
As liking not his Voyage, and
No more to vndertake it, I wi
To an exploite, now ripe in m
Vnder the which he ſhall not